Solomon Childs, Out Think Me Now

(Sampled singer)
The storm is..

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)
Females better try to trick me now
Cats better try and Out Think Me Now
Stick me now, maybe even kill me now
Let me dominate for two years strong
You motherfuckers'll never stop the storm

(Solomon Childs)
What? Yeah..
Uh-huh, what? Yeah..
You cowards follow, I'ma lead
Millenium speed, Jeopardy, Greed
Golden seed, militant breed
This is all a real thug need
Science of life dunn, black Oriental
Forever bronze to star, day room war
Apocalypse raw
Limit the sky, let me simplic-ify
Mama said, "God should never cry"
War with The Source, ya girl know me, straight live
Found out swine was in Pop Tarts in '85
You old school cats is talkin jive
320 E, bumping Tony Starks shit
I don't trust a soul
I don't trust Canal Street gold
I don't trust Timberland's double sole
I don't trust cats on the block who done told
I don't trust Avirex leathers when it be cold
Settin fire to ya rap books
Frontin you could get punched in ya mouth
King of New York, this is what a thug about

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)
Uh.. yeah..
Apocalypse gifted storm, eyes of Islam
Pain inside Maria eyes
Money low got the Gods in the streets heated
Left the Queens in the world seated
Two kids my baby mom's speeded
Poverty, swears Allah cheated
Keep it strawberry, catchin cancer
Missin the World Series
Solomon Childs extraordinaire
Power of the dollar
Body Brighton, Allah body
Thugged out, ready to flip
2000 New York rookie
Hard to hit, who want beef?
Put 'em on the murder cross, imperial laws
Consider me bein top rank
with Pony and Frank
Yo what the deal, Lunar?
No more small cookies
Rather get paid and crush rookies
Me and Mama gettin land with this voice box
Tracks hotter than the Red Sox
Who ever had doubts..
Yo Baby Boy, this is what a thug about

(Chorus 2X)

(sampled singer)
The storm is..